A

PROSPECTIVE

Of the Naval Triumph

Of the

VENETIANS

over the

TURK.

To Signor

PIETRO LIBERI

That Renowned, and famous Painter.

By *GIO: FRANCESCO BVSENELLO.*

LONDON,

Printed for *Henry Herringman*, and are to be sold at his shop at the signe of the Anchor, in the lower walke in the *New-Exchange*. 1658.

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YALE U. L.

Sn Hunt

To my Lord

HENRY

Earl of

PETERBOURGH

Lord Mordant of

TURVEY.

My Lord,

THAT vertuous Cavalier Signor Sagredo, when he left England, presented me with this Triumph

of his Country, which I here ſend your Lordſhip, but in another Tongue. With what ſucceſſe I have made it Engliſh, it is not for me to judge, ſince it is a vanity given to all men, who make verſes, to think them good. What the worth of theſe is, you, my Lord, who have ſo refined a taſte, who know the nature and propriety of every thing, and underſtand Italian, as if you were born at Florence, will be beſt able to determine.

I need not tell your Lordſhip, who are ignorant of nothing, what a great difference there is in Tranſlating; that nothing is more eaſie, and

and nothing more difficult. To tranſlate an Argument or Diſcourſe, which conſiſts of matter, requires no more, than a command of the Tongue, into which one tranſlates; and a reaſonable underſtanding of that, out of which one does it: So that any man ſo qualified, if he want not judgment, may tranſlate ſuch things ſucceſſefully. But to turn a Poem, the beauty of which lies not in the matter, but in the words, in the aire and dreſſe, into another tongue, asks not judgment onely, but invention too; inſomuch that he ſhall never tranſlate a Poem well, who cannot make one. Nor is judgment and

invention all, in doing it well there is a kinde of luck too, which will not fall under any rule; a certain felicity, which is given onely to ſome particular ſpirits. For the thoughts and deſigne of this piece, I am not to anſwer, ſince they are none of mine: If I have given it an Engliſh Genius, defaced as little as may be the Original, and native beauty of it, and put it into ſuch words, as Buſenello would have done, if he had been an Engliſhman, it is all that can be expected from me.

With the Engliſh, I have ſent your Lordſhip the Original, that you may not onely judge, whether

it

it be well painted, but whether it be a faithfull Copy, and imitate the Italian life. You will eaſily diſcern, my Lord, where I have wronged Buſenello, and where, if I have not wronged him every where, I have done him right.

I could have wiſhed, my Lord, that inſtead of ſending you the actions of other men to read, I might have read your own; I mean, thoſe great actions, of which you have all the ſeeds in your mind, and want nothing but a field to ſow them in, ſome noble occaſion to put them forth. That Courage, Judgment, Eloquence, Knowledge of things paſt, Intelligence of

the

the present, Foresight of the future, acquaintance with Books, understanding of Men, and a Genius made for businesse: To this, sweetnesse of Manners, a generous and obliging Nature, a taking Meen, that grace which distinguishes a great Person in a Crowd, and makes him regarded when he is by himself, when he has none of his train and followers about him; invincible Courtesie, inviolable Friendship, and perfection in that great Science, which is so little understood, of Offices and Conversation. Vertues, my Lord, which in Rome would have made you a Consul; and banished you, if you had

had been born in Athens. No tumor, no grimneſſe, nothing directed to oſtentation, but all naturall, and uncounterfeited Vertue. But amongſt ſo many great qualities, it is not fit I ſhould forget that, which is an ornament to all the reſt, your Lordſhip's Modeſty, which it may be will be offended at this licenſe which I have taken to commend you, though I have ſaid nothing, but what you, my Lord, muſt needs be conſcious of: For though they, who have the moſt merit, have alwaies the leaſt arrogance, they cannot want an inward aſſurance of their own worth, and ſatisfaction in it, which is the great

great reward wherewith Vertue paies her followers, and ſuſtains the minde, when the applauſe of men, the favours of fortune, and all things without us, fail us.

What ever opinion your Lordſhip has of this Tranſlation, I am confident you will take delight in the ſubject of it. For how can you, who have ſuch mighty inclinations to do great things, but be pleaſed to hear of them? How can a ſoul, ſo inflamed with the love of vertue, but rejoyce to ſee Vertue proſperous? to ſee Art ſubdue Power,

Power, and Conduct triumph over Advantage? In one reſpect, it may be, your Lordſhip may read this with ſome diſpleaſure, ſuch a diſpleaſure, as would not let Themiſtocles ſleep, when he heard of the victories of Miltiades; a diſpleaſure ariſing from a generous emulation, to think, that others ſhould have ſuch occaſions for the exerciſe of their vertues, when you have none for yours: to think, that others ſhould ſpend their time, in procuring ſafety and happineſſe to their afflicted Country,

try, and immortall glory to themſelves, when you ſit with your arms folded, in a Cloſet, or a Garden, and waſte your Youth in the ſhade amongſt books and trees.

Beſides the noble Perſons which are here celebrated, there is ſomething elſe, it may be, that will entertain your Lordſhip. I imagine, you will be pleaſed to hear Buſenello diſcourſe to Liberi, the rareneſſe of his art, and the incredible things that are done by Painting; to ſee ſuch a deſcription of

Colours

Colours, expreſſing Nature to the life; and then Words with as great a life, expreſſing thoſe Colours. Me thinks here is no ill Idea of thoſe two noble Siſters, Poeſy and Picture, the Sciences of Words and Colours. And which of them, my Lord, in your judgment, deſerves to be preferd? which of them, ſhall we believe, imitates Nature beſt? and which has the advantage of the other, ſilent, or talking painting? But I will leave your Lordſhip with Buſe-

nello,

nello, to determine that queſtion, and beg pardon for my confidence in this Addreſſe. If I have done ill to engage the name I moſt honour, in the protection of a Stranger, who it may be, through my miſrepreſenting him, will be but ill received, I know your Lordſhip will forgive me: My indiſcretion cannot be ſo great, as your Generoſity: You, who have a goodneſſe to pardon injuries, will eaſily excuſe failings, eſpecially when they proceed from right intentions,

tentions, and from a heart so full of affection to your Person, and reverence to your Vertues, as that of

My Lord

Your Lord's most humble

& most obedient Servant

THOMAS HIGGONS.

Thomas

Thomas Higgonus Illuſtriſſimo Viro Ludovico Sagredo. S.

QUantâ voluptate tuo à nobis diſceſſu privatus ſim, tu pro noſtrâ conſuetudine facilè exiſtimare potes. Tardior ad ſcribendum fui, quod mihi incompertum ſit ubi terrarum ſis. Ego enim te arbitror Francofurtum comitia illa Auguſtiſſima videndi cauſâ profectum; nec id ipſum certum habeo, aut quid temporis in Germaniâ ponas. Rogo magnoperè, ut me doceas quid facturus ſis, nè de te diutiùs ignorem. Hoc ſi feceris ſive apud Germanos opperiaris, ſive tè Venetias conferas, officia mea haud unquam deſideraturus es. Navalem Buſenelli veſtri triumphum quem mihi dono dediſti ad te mitto. Sed mutatum, converſum, alio idiomate donatum. Víſne me aperiùs loqui? ſtudium in te meum, & ingentem veſtram effecit, ut ſplendidum illud Buſenelli carmen ex Italico in Anglicum ſermonem traducere conatus fuerim. Habes mi Sagrede Triumphos veſtros linguâ exoticâ recitatos: habes Muſas Venetas Anglicè canentes, ſi modò canere videor, & non ſtrepere. Vides, ut rerum à vobis geſtarum fama remotiſſimas regiones implet, & terrarum fines pervagatur.

Nec solum hæc noverit ultimus Ister,
Quique solent radios nascentis cernere Phœbi,
Sed gelidus Boreas, & solis regna jacentis,
Et vestro penitùs divisa Britannia mundo.

Vivat Sereniſſima Reſpublica, vigeat armis, floreat triumphis, & dum cæteri Chriſtianæ terræ Principes in ſe invicem convertunt gladios, illa pro more ſuo Chriſtiani nominis vindex fœdum Mahometanum repellat, debellet, atterat, laudem apud homines, mercedem apud Deum Opt. Max. ſempiternam conſequatur. Cura, ut valeas, & meî memor ſis.

Londini V. ID. *Octob.*
Anno MDCLVII.

To my worthy friend Mr. Higgons, upon his Translation of the Venetian Triumph.

THe winged Lion's not so fierce in sight,
As Liberi's hand presents him to our sight:
Nor could his pencil make him halfe so fierce,
Or roar so loud, as Busenello's Verse.
But your Translation does all three excell,
The Fight, the Piece, and lofty Busenell.
As their small Gallies may not hold compare
With our tall ships, whose sailes employ more aire:
So does th'Italian to your Genius vaile,
Mov'd with a fuller and a nobler gale.
Thus while your Muse spreads the Venetian story,
You make all Europe emulate her glory;
You make them blush, weak Venice should defend
The cause of Heaven, while they for words contend,
Shed Christian blood, and populous cities raze,
Because th'are taught to use some different phrase.
If listning to your charms, we could our jars
Compose, and on the Turk discharge these wars,

Our British Arms the sacred Tomb might wrest
From Pagan hands, and triumph o're the East.
And then you might our own high deeds recite,
And with great Tasso celebrate the fight.

EDM. WALLER.

Illuſtrious Liberi.

IF the creating pencil in thy hand
Can even portents and prodigies command,
If thy aſpiring induſtry can find
The art to color thoughts, and paint the wind.

If thou Apelles glory canſt benight,
And drovvn his fame it'h Ocean of thy light,
If colours thou nevv qualities canſt give,
And goe beyond all that did ever live.

If other Artiſts toyle, and toyle in vaine
To that, vvhich coſts thee nothing, to attaine;
If thou canſt draw the whiſpers of the aire,
And bring them to our eye, as well as eare.

If Billowes feign'd by thee in cloth do roar,
And emmet with the Rocks, and tear the shoar;
If painted tempests rage, and swell so high,
That the true Sun therein may hidden lie.

If thou on linnen canst Ideas shew,
Which wee but by Imagination know;
If pure and sublimated Fancies be,
Drawn to the life, and visible by thee.

If amaz'd Nature challenge thee, and swear,
These things are none of thine, but done by her:
If she mistake thy hand for hers, and grow
In love with thee, who hast deceiv'd her so.

trade,
Thy Pencil would have spoil'd Deucalions
That he with stones had never Nations made:
Thy strokes had done that mighty businesse then,
And the world peopled, when there were no
Men;

Blest

Bleſt Proſpective! thou doſt ſo far excel
All wonder, that thou haſt no parallel. (trace,
Though the drown'd Univerſe were now to
And Painters ſtood in the Creator's place.

If by thy Pencil, buried Ages may
Be brought again to life, and ſee the day,
As thou canſt raiſe their fame, this victory
Will give immortall fame, and life to thee.

A victory, the like was never known,
In Perſia, nor in Rome, nor Macedon;
Which has outdone all victories before,
To which Pharſalia's nothing, Actium poor.

wane,
Which th'Ottoman Moon has brought into her
And to her former, added this new ſtain;
And with full ſails, upon the Eaſtern flood,
Has drunk revenge in unbeleever's blood.

Which passing story, and th'exactest pen,
Has dryed up Lethe, which devowers them:
From which the Thracian sails so proudly spread
Beyond the mountains, and the seas are fled.

Which in the bosome of the Turk dismaid
With horrour, such a Tragedy has plaid,
As made the angry Gulf of Ella swell
With sighs and tears, which from the conquer'd fell.

In which Gods words are now accomplished,
Thou on the Asp and Basilisk shall tread.
His children's feet no force nor art can stay,
Who thorough opposition make their way.

Do thou new breath in those dead bodies put;
Open those eyes again, which Fate has shut:
Cut off the wings of Time, and make him stand,
That what is past, by thee may be at hand,

The

The fabulous Jove two nights together made,
When he unſeen with mortall beauty plaid,
And the true God did once prolong the day,
For Joſhua's ſake, the Sun his courſe did ſtay.

Thy hand which does diſtribute life, and can
Re-animate the body of a man
By thy deſigning, ſhall do more then they,
And make eternall this victorious day.

Let Art be heightned to an extaſy,
And when 'tis made divine, deſcend on thee;
Then paint the ruine of the Turkiſh name,
And their ſhips taken, ſunk, or on a flame:

In Balm thy azure and vermilion ſteep,
And in the raies o'th'Sun thy yellow dip;
Look out for Quinteſſences never known,
And fly beyond all that was ever done.

A ſea of ſtorms and ſhowers be thy Scene,
As when the winds & waves at war have been.
And neer this tempeſt on the ſhore hard by,
Thy pallet, colours, and thy pencil lie.

'Twixt sky and water a third colour find,
Which may amaze, and yet delight the mind:
Let it not Azure, nor Cerulean be,
But imitate and mock the foam oth' ſea.

In forming waves, ſome crooked make, ſome, (ſlow
Some knock the ſtern, whilſt others ſhake the (prow;
And raiſe & ſink alternately the keel,
That in dead cloth, the ſhip may motion feel.

The aire a mixture be of clouds and light,
Let it ſucceſſively be dark and bright:
Now let the brightneſſe to the darkneſſe yield,
Then let light chaſe the dark, and win the field.

Bring

Bring in ſome horrour, which at firſt ſurpriſe
May pleaſe us, even when it terrifies.
Employ thy wits, ſhew what thy art can do,
Delight the world, and make it wonder too.

Apply thy skill, till the beholder be
Amaz'd, and doubt, whether he dream or ſee;
Whether Art or Nature the advantage have,
And ſwear that Truth is but Appearance ſlave.

There in the Helleſpont, where yet is known,
Leanders ſwimming, and fair Heroes moan;
Where Xerxes brought ſuch mighty Hoſts in vain,
Only to ſoil with corps the Argive plain.

There ſits the wicked Tyrant on his Throne,
And rules an hundred Kingdoms all alone.
There met the Fleet, which the woods naked made
And left the forreſt bare without a ſhade.

Now was the Canon ſeen to thunder death,
To lighten ruine, and deſtruction breathe;
One ſhot an hundred to the grave did ſend,
One moment put to many years an end.

From cruell Bowes with force and malice bent,
Slaughters, and many feather'd deaths were ſent:
Shafts kill'd & ſpar'd, as they did chance to light,
Some wounded were, and ſome were ſlain out-
(right.

The blewer forehead of the Sea was dy'd
With ſtreaks of blood, which did her face divide:
The Miſcreants raſhly did o're bodies wade,
Of which from ſhip to ſhip they bridges made.

When Mars grown jealous for his native place,
Arm'd all his Furies to defend his Thrace,
And as the Trumpets ſounded the Alarme,
Power and Art did ſtrive which moſt ſhould
harm. But

But generous Lion, what can thee reſiſt,
Who conquer'ſt all oppoſers as thou liſt?
The Heavens an d Seas for thee the Zodiaks are,
When God incites, and rowſes thee to war.

Thy naked hand St. Mark long ſince did write,
Whē there was need to ſpread the Goſpels light.
That very hand now arm'd takes up the rod,
To ſcourge the Foes of Venice and of God.

Thy pen did once his glorious name dilate,
Who conquer'd death, and triumph'd over fate:
That pen does now the place oth' ſword ſupply,
To carve us out a way to victory.

Let this glad newes o're all the earth be brought
Dictate to me ſome high immortall thought:
Let theſe my lines in marble written be,
And give this hiſtory eternity.

The

The winds were mines, to whose rich treasure
Do owe the purchase of the Victory, (we
They wing'd our files, and made our squadrons
With force against the barbarous Enemy. (fly,

That Spirit, which upon the waters face,
Before the world was made did gently passe,
From the Ægean coasts, breath'd on our sails,
And gave our vessells still succesfull gales.

Of Sulphur mixt with Nitre, many a shoure
The Christians on the Infidells did poure.
And torn with shot, and storms of burning lead,
Thousands of Macon's followers lay dead.

The shocks, assaults, and cries so loud and shrill,
Did Grecian woods, and Asian vallies fill,
Which ecchoes from dark caves, and hollow
In sad & mournful accents did resound. (ground

The

The famous Tomb of Mecca, which is yet
So much ador'd, did drops of poyſon ſwet.
This Victory does reach the Lybian ſand,
And tempeſts cauſe in the Numidian land.

Our Gallies pointed prowes do now prevail,
The foaming billowes of the ſea they ſcale:
We ſhots and blowes continually renew,
That we thoſe hatefull monſters may ſubdue.

Unconquered courages of noble hearts,
Who did perform your own, and others parts!
Nothing did more than your example theu,
Pointing the way to glory to your men.

Fortune and Death were both together here,
Where either ſerv'd unpreſs'd a Volunteer.
And hid the Turkiſh Army, in deſpight
Of the Moons Empire, in eternall night.

One

One of our men would with a daring hand
Have ſtopt the flying Fleet, and made it ſtand;
Alone he durſt the Turkiſh Hoſte defie,
So much their courage he did vilifie.

The hand cut off, which held his threatning ſword,
Falling ith' Sea, did a ſtrange ſight afford:
It brandiſh'd ſtill the ſword, and graſp'd it faſt,
Till hand and ſword together ſunk at laſt.

Heads ſever'd, as they fell, were heard to cry,
Let Venice live in long proſperity.
They who thus fall againſt the Infidel, (Hell.
For Chriſt and for their Prince, are ſafe from

When Turks deſpairing on the other ſide;
Their foul erroneous faith blaſpheming dy'd:
And angry now that they were circumcis'd,
They would too late alas! have been baptiz'd.

A Turk, upon whoſe aged chin did grow
A beard, which thence unto his waſte did flow,
As he approch'd to the precinct of death
This ſad complaint was over-heard to breathe.

How oft has this been whiſpered in my ear,
Fly to the ſtreams of Jordan, waſh thee there?
Humble thy ſelf to Jeſus, in him truſt,
Who is a guard and buckler to the juſt.

But as he ſpoke, an arrow from among (tongue,
The Chriſtian Veſſels came, which pierc'd his
When almoſt dead, thus to himſelf he cries,
He who a Rebell lives, deſpairing dies.

Thoſe bleſſed Names my breath does but pro-
Natures ſo high and infinite diſdain, (phane,
That I ſhould take them in my mouth, who die,
Confirm'd and hardned in impiety.

This ſaid, a ſhot from a great Gun him took,
Which all his members into pieces broke:
'Twas hard to ſay, the wretch was torn ſo ſmall,
If he were dead, or ne're had been at all.

Saleyards in pieces, Maſts by the board ſhot,
Sails ſwimming, Rudders burning, cordage cut:
The prows oth' Gallies batter'd noſeleſſe ſhew,
And the whole Navy pierced through & through.

Horrors, black ſhades of ſmoak, and flakes of light
Preſent a skie, that's neither day nor night.
Stones, bullets, arrowes, ſlaughters ſtill increaſe;
Toils, flights, cries, ſhocking not a moment ceaſe.

Vext with a thouſand wounds, a ſoul's in doubt,
Which way to leave her priſon, and get out.
Water and blood both ſuffocate mens breaths:
Troubles are endleſſe, without numbes deaths.

At

At boarding, longer weapons laid aſide,
Daggers and ponyards, hands and teeth are tri'd.
Death and amazement, hatred, cries, and fear,
Together mixt make one confuſion here.

Down from mens batter'd breaſts, and wounded ſides
A ſtream of blood a purple torrent glides,
The winds and waves do all aſtoniſh'd grow,
The light does languiſh, and the day goes low.

Some as they ſtand, ſome going wounded be,
No poſture is exempted, no place free: (ſeat
Sõe wring their hands, ſome ſtamp their feet, ſome
Their hair, and are all pale with rage or fear.

Planks, cables, bodies, limbs in pieces rent,
A Chaos in the water repreſent:
Whilſt ſlaughter does on every ſide invade,
And to new dangers ſtill a way is made.

Here ſcimiters, there broken arrowes lie,
Rich veſts of ſilk, and pretious pillage by.
Such different things by fate together brought
Shew ſpoils and riches are with danger bought.

One rich with ſpoils, is with a pike run through,
Before the value of his prey he know:
Then is he ſlain, who ſeizeth his eſtate,
And with his wealth inheriteth his fate.

A Renegade, who ſwimming, made his feet
And hands in circles in the water meet
A Chriſtian caught, who as he fighting ſtood,
Had newly ſlipt, and fall'n into the flood.

Upon this dancing and unſtable Scene,
A ſtrange unwonted kind of fight was ſeen,
When with a ſpear, which on the waves did float,
The Chriſtian cut the proud Barbarian's throat.

Pitty

Pitty and wonder every where do reigne,
With tears and grief attending in their train.
The Christian hands do miracles dispence,
And carry home a glorious harvest thence.

The sword, the sea, and the devouring flame,
Each in the Victory a part did claim. (slain,
And of the conquer'd Fleet, burnt, drown'd, and
Three Theaters of horrour did remain.

Amongst a thousand rates, bright as the Morn,
Which the Venetian Triumph did adorn,
One was a number of afflicted Poor,
Who chains about their necks and ankles wore.

Distrest Believers, whom the Turks had caught,
And various Fates into the Gallies brought,
Who deform'd slavery did with patience take,
Though us'd like beasts, for their Redeemers sake.

This happy day did them new life afford,
Restor'd to long'd-for freedom by our sword;
Who now forgetting all their past annoy,
Could hardly speak, they were so fil'd with joy.

Of eleven hundred, one old man was found,
Who lift his hands, but bow'd his knees to th' ground,
And pouring out his soul at his glad eyes,
To see himself freed from such miseries;

Said, Lord, behold these limmes of vigour reft,
The reliques servitude, and pain have left;
Of which my flesh the cruell marks does wear,
Freedom and chains alike to th'dying are.

A fading monument of this day am I,
A fruitlesse Trophy of thy Victory:
Forsook by fortune, and redeem'd by thee,
That in the pangs of death I might be free.

An

An age of life I do almoſt attain,
But ſufferd have eternities of pain.
Theſe howers I give thee, thou art pleas'd to lend,
My Tragedy has had a joyfull end.

This ſaid, the bloody hurts he had receiv'd,
With other weakneſſe, him of ſpeech bereav'd:
And th'tyrant Time, more mercileſſe then they,
Had ſunk his jawes, and eat his teeth away.

So that he mutterd, what I cannot tell,
But to the ground incontinently fell;
And groaning out his ſpirit in a trice,
Mounted a Martyr into Paradiſe.

Redundant joyes upon his heart did ſeize,
Too narrow to contain ſuch joyes as theſe.
His body died, the ſea his wounds did lave,
And the next ſands afforded him a grave.

Mean while the Turkiſh Multitude does fall,
The Sea is covered with their funerall.
Their fear's ſo great, they will not ſtay for graves,
But hide themſelves in the Egean waves.

One from his ſhip into the water fled,
To ſeek for ſhelter from the flames which ſpread.
But ſenſleſſe waves no pitty underſtood,
But ſoon invelop'd him in foam and blood.

Another hopeleſſe caught a flaming brand,
Which floated by him, with his wounded hand,
And flying ſeas, which would devour him ſtreight
Committed to the wood his dying weight.

'Twixt fire and water, Death the ſpoil divides,
The one conſumes that, which the other hides.
Thus went the Turkiſh Nation down amain,
The Sea was ſmall ſuch ruines to contain.

A weeping mother on the ſhoar was ſate,
With her ſmall children, waiting upon Fate;
To ſee what of their father it reſolv'd,
In whom their hopes and beeing were involv'd.

But the Fleet ſcattered, and the father drown'd,
She daſh'd the childrens brains againſt the grouid,
Leſt they ſhould fall into the Chriſtians hands,
And end their daies in bonds in forraign lands.

Death now was almoſt ſpent, and weary growed,
His ſythe was blunted with the lives it mowed.
Our Captain never weary, ſtill inſiſts;
And kills as long as any thing reſiſts.

The Turkiſh Generall, he now beheld
Packing away, and yielding him the field; (there,
Thoſe broken Troops and fragments which were
Having no Guide nor Leader left, but fear.

He

He does command, pursue, incite, and presse,
And to the height improveth his successe.
Ah God! when an unthought of bullet came,
Which ends his life, and elevates his fame.

Thou dyedst Marcellus, whose unvanquish'd name
Shall reap applause, and be the Muses Theam.
Great Pompey's fate and thine are parallel,
He on the sea, which he had conquer'd, fell.

Ignoble mettall thee of life did reave,
And from thy ruine honour did receave.
But Destiny relents, and after-times,
O Fates, will count his end among your crimes.

But that decrees cannot repealed be,
Which were ordain'd from all eternity;
If we're had been in second causes power,
Our hopes in thee untimely to devower.

What

What cruelty to kill a Hero ſo?
The Siſters ſhould have warded that ſad blow,
And ſav'd his life, who for his Saviour fought;
And on his foes ſuch ſad confuſion brought.

And if from black privation were a way
Left, to return to habit, then as day
Succeeds the gloomy darkneſſe of the night,
Thou wouldſt again return into the light.

Moſt pretious duſt! may a whole Heaven be;
Made an apartment and an urne for thee.
Let Honour mourn at thy ſad obſequies,
And us not ſin, if we thee idolize.

The winged Lion ſhall for ever roar
The loſſe of thee, which time can ne're reſtore.
The ſea religiouſly, and faithfull ſhoar,
Thy bleſt remains, thy reliques ſhall adore.

Marcello

Marcellus! thee within his golden line,
The Sun invites, to make a thirteenth Signe:
No Panegyrick is enough for thee,
Whose death is the reproach of Destiny.

Be to thy Country a new Star, dispence
To us thy light, and welcome influence:
And from thy Country in exchange accept,
Endlesse returns of honour and respect.

The pious Trojan, who a journey made,
To seek his Sire in the Elizian shade,
Found a Marcellus there. In Heaven we
'Mongst those bright lights shall a Marcellus see.

Thee our sea-Cards and Sailers, as they go,
With th'Cynosure, and other signes, shall show.
Twixt the fix'd Stars and Planets is thy place,
Where all ingenious minds on thee shall gaze.

Those

Thoſe Gentlemen, whom Fate intends for brave;
Shall thee the Star in their Aſcendent have.
That Geniture muſt highly hopefull be,
And they who have it, generous like thee.

Aſtronomers new Aſtrolabes ſhall get;
Such as Copernicus had never yet,
To take thy altitude, who evermore
Shalt blaſt the Thracian fields, and Aſian ſhoar.

Bleſt Star! live, flouriſh, and be ever bright,
And dazle the beholders with thy light.
Thy raies for good Prognoſticks ſhall be took,
On which with pleaſure we will alwaies look.

Mean while the Veſſels burn, and greedy flames
Scarce leave ſo much as aſhes of their names:
The Sea inſults, and all within her power,
Though thouſand lives, does ravenouſly devour.

Flames,

Flames, wounds, and water, every one do vie,
Through whose occasion, most that day should die.
Whilst Fortune drunk with slaughter, does deride,
And turn her back upon the vanquish'd side.

Souls doom'd to ruine vowes to heaven make,
If they the fury of the flames do scape.
But still pursu'd by fire, no way is found
To shun that fate, but onely to be drown'd.

The black Abyss sets open all her gates,
Impatient to attend the lingring fates:
And sucks down men to her Dominions still,
As if the flames alas were slow to kill.

Many sad Ohs and Cries did rise in throngs,
From mens oppressed hearts unto their tongues:
But cruell seas soon interrupt their groans,
And drown at once the Mourner and his moans.

But

But the arch-Traitor ſcapes the fate oth'day,
And from his broken Army gets away:
Swells like a toad, fumes, execrates and bans,
And off himſelf can ſcarce with-hold his hands.

To his own rage a prey, himſelf does hate,
His Nation ſhame, and is his Prince his fate.
The Villain to Bizantium makes amain,
Scorn'd, mortifi'd, alone, without a train.

To paint him, LIBERI, take ſome face that's dead,
And put me eyes of Serpents in his head:
Such burning, murdering eyes, as may inſpire
Charms and deſtruction, terror, plagues, and fire.

Make black Deſpair upon his forchead ſit,
And let his teeth with green Diſdain be whet;
Upon his knee in twiſts his hands enfold,
Or let his hand his leaning head uphold.

Pſyche

Pſyche for fear of Venus went to hell, (dwell:
That dreadfull place, where ſhades and darkneſſe
She can inſtruct thy pencil what to do,
And how the anguiſh of the Damn'd does ſhow.

When thou wouldſt draw his cheeks, let there ap- (pear
The face of ſadneſſe, ſadneſſe dreſt in fear:
That when we would expreſſe a horrid look,
This piece for the example may be took.

Make me a Troop of Tritons chacing him,
Making of mouths, and hiſſing as they ſwim:
Then let the ſea-Nymphs following in a flock,
In jeering Sonnets the foul Covvard mock.

Then change thy pencil, leſt his figure ſhoud
Infuſe ſome damn'd infection in thy bloud.
That devilliſh Baſha vvill do miſchief ſtill,
His breath is poyſon, and his eyes vvill kill.

When

When thou thy hand haſt cleanſed, let me ſee
The Hero painted, who Eternity
In high immortall actions ſeeks, whom Fame
Gives but one eye, that he may ſurer aim.

Paint him me like the Sun return'd from reſt,
When with new ſplendour he ſalutes the Eaſt;
Then let thy ſubtle Art it ſelf ſurpaſſe, (glaſſe.
And as thou draweſt him, make the Stars thy

You underſtand what Greatneſſe is, you know
The bounds of Honour, and how far they go.
In him make all great qualities appear,
Cheerfull, and grave, and lovely, and ſevere.

Make him me ſo, that on his ſingle breaſt,
His Countries fate and fame may ſeem to reſt:
Make Marble envious, Braſſe ambitious be,
To repreſent us Objects ſuch as he.

Upon his ſword our Faith and Freedom ſtand,
And take their hopes from his victorious hand.
Make him defend us, in the midſt oth' Deep,
His vertue wall us in, and ſafely keep.

Incompaſſe him with Trumpets, in his face
Such happy lines and ſignatures enchaſe,
That men may ſee who do thoſe lines behold,
His looks do ſecond, what the ſtars have told.

Let antient now to modern times give place,
And the old Heroes deeds in ſilence paſſe.
On a new Theam let Fame her breath employ,
And with her Trumpet, Mocenico cry.

Remember Bembo too unvanquiſhed,
By his high Genius to great actions led;
Which will make his from others glory known,
He hath a ſtock of glory of his own.

The

The noble ſword wch that brave hand does wed,
Which was to Battails born, and conqueſts bred,
Has made illuſtrious the Egean coaſt,
Which Neptune now of all his Seas ſhall boaſt.

For that great Warriour draw a Grove of bayes,
Of fame and glory him a Trophy raiſe:
And when you would preſent him his own face,
Let glittering ſwords and helmets be the Glaſs.

Th'other Marcellus, who, if there were need,
Atlas might chooſe in great Alcides ſteed;
To whom ſo much of our ſucceſſe we owve,
Who 'gainſt the Tyrant did ſuch vvonders doe.

Put me in ſome conſpicuous place, vvhere he
From other Heroes may diſtinguiſh'd be
By ſome knovvn difference, vvhilſt buſie Fame,
Seeks for nevv titles to adorn his name.

Who did receive our dying Captain's breath,
And grieving followed to the ſhades of death,
If death may properly be ſaid to ſhade
One, who ſo bright and brave an end has made.

To Barbaro and Badoaro next,
See thou ſome laſting monument erect'ſt,
Which to their vertues may have due regard,
That merit once may reap its juſt reward.

Delineate in their faces all that's brave,
The taking meen, which power and valour have.
And proſtrate at their feet let the Turks ſeem
Content, & proud that they have conquer'd them.

The routs, confuſions, tumults, flights, and all
Dyſaſters, which on th'Infidel did fall:
Aſſaults and wounds, which made ſo many bleed,
Make from their hands and counſells to proceed.

Let

Let Moroſini, whoſe deſerving worth,
Might take Fame wholly up to ſet it forth,
Whoſe valour others did to Battle heat,
Which Fame in ſpite of Time will ne'r forget.

Let him new graces to thy pencil give,
And in his image let thy colours live:
Let him adorn thy touches with his light,
And make the luſtre of thy name more bright.

Let young Farneſe, who with fortune bleſt
Of vintages of vertue is poſſeſt,
Who marching o're the bodies of the dead,
Did honour out of death and danger tread.

Who to great Anceſtors no honour owes,
Since by his noble deeds their honour growes:
'Tis they by him, he not by them appears,
Darkning their noon ith'morning of his years,

Be he the top of all thy Art can do,
The ſcope of what thy thoughts can reach unto.
Here let thy mind work wonders, whilſt his worth
Like gems does dreſſe, and ſet thy glory forth.

Next in thy work that noble Chief enrole,
Who Malta's Croſſe did to the sky extoll,
Whence military Fame does fetch renown,
And makes her honour by their actions known.

His dazling countenance let his helmet ſhroud,
As when the Sun is ſhaded with a cloud:
Then let me ſee collected in his face,
The grace and beauty of Caraffi's race.

'Twas a fit match the ſhining ſilver Croſs,
To black Tartarean darkneſſe to oppoſe.
'Twas fit the furious Infidell ſhould yield,
When by ſuch force attaqu'd, and quit the field.

Borri

Borri, thou breath of Mars, 'tis hard to ſay,
Whether thy ſword or wit did more that day.
Thy name is fatall, and thy vertue rare,
And wonders of thy proweſs extant are.

In laſting colours thou, by LIBERI's hand,
Which triumphs o're devouring Time, ſhal ſtand.
Vertue and honour LIBERI are the Poles,
Round which thy pencil like a Heaven roles.

In Mountain tops, the Muſes do delight,
Thoſe lovely ſolitudes makes Poets write.
But when Bellona thunders, thou canſt draw,
And give that goddeſſe ſweetneſſe with her awe.

Record thoſe brave immortall ſouls, who raiſe
Their Countries name, and dreſſe her with their (bayes,
In thy eternall works, and let them flie,
And wing thy pencil when thou ſoar'ſt on high.

In the dark croud, which hides deſervers fames,
Draw thou reſemblances, and learn their names,
And them diſtinguiſh, who have bravely done,
Let them be gay and glorious as the Sun.

But 'tis not juſt, LIBERI, we ſhould be blam'd,
That all who fought & conquer'd are not nam'd.
The milky way that's full of ſtars does ſhine,
Though ſingle ſtars which make it, are not ſeen.

Whole Troops and Companies did bravely do,
And great examples of high vertue ſhow.
Time, to whoſe rage all other things muſt yield,
Shall tell their deeds, and celebrate this field.

A Grecian Painter with a vail did dreſſe,
That which no Art could figure or expreſſe,
So what thoſe others famous actions were,
Shall now be left to Silence to declare.

We

We ſee the Mute can with his geſture ſpeak,
And Silence has her Rhetorick, which does take.
My pen conceals, for whom my ſoul's on fire,
Whom in unſpeaking rimes I do admire.

But what, muſt fair Cleina lie forgot
In dark oblivion, by thee heeded not?
Scorn'ſt thou that flame, which will to pitty move
All hearts, that ever had a ſenſe of love?

Cleina was a fair Arabian Maid,
Nature a brighter beauty never made:
But ſorrow now her darkned face beſets,
And turns her Lillies into Violets.

This charming beauty had from Regions far
Followed her ſervant Muſtapha to war;
And all in black, diſconſolate, alone,
Fill'd all the Eaſtern Countries with her moan.

On

On a ſteep cliff ſhe ſtood to view the ſtorm,
To ſee what Muſtapha did there perform:
She ſaw him fight, and fate in vain oppoſe,
Provoking his own ruine with his blowes.

No danger him approach'd, but coſt her tears,
With a divided ſoul 'twixt grief and fears;
When with her fortune and her ſelf diſpleas'd,
Her heart afflicted with ſuch words ſhe eas'd.

Thou fightſt, my Muſtapha, and I in vain ſtain.
With tears would heal the wounds thou doſt ſu-
O Heavens, are my ſighs ſo much deſpis'd,
And mighty love by you ſo little priz'd?

Ah dear alas! too dear to me has been
The preparation of this bloody Scene.
The purple ſtreaks which on that helmet ſhine,
Do lead to death this wounded heart of mine.

I would uſurp thoſe blowes, I fain would have
You hurt Cleina, but Muſtapha ſave.
Ah! that curſt ſword two lives does kill in one,
For how can mine remain, when his is gone?

Me, Chriſtians, me alone aſſault, let me
The mark and center of your fury be.
My conſtant heart Fate cannot overthrow,
I ſcorn your Nation, and your fortune too.

Stay, my dear heart, my treaſure ſtay, and take
Theſe Treſſes, which ſwathes for thy wounds wil
Hold, bind thē with my hair my Idol, hold, (make,
And ſet the rubies of thy blood in gold.

Here grief with her cold ſnowy hand did ſeize
Cleina, and her blood to gelly freeze:
The lively roſes in her cheeks did fade,
And with one painfull ſigh an end ſhe made.

Cleina

Cleina died, her ſoul made haſte away,
To be an Harbinger for Muſtapha.
But he immediately departed too,
And both deſcended to the Deeps below.

But ſince united ſouls can know no hell,
But make it heaven whereſoe're they dwell:
They ſoon were ſeparated, to receive
The pains are doom'd to thoſe, who not believe.

Charon had now almoſt worn out his Oar,
And his boat founder'd with the weight it bore,
And the black Monarch of the ſhades begun
To be with pitty touch'd for what was done.

But they who for the Faith had ſhed their blood,
Bleſt ſouls in th' Empyrean heaven ſtood,
Full of eternall joyes, and endleſſe bliſſe,
'Mongſt the beatified Hierarchies.

And

And looking on thoſe ruines here below,
Thoſe legs and arms which floated too and fro;
Thoſe ſcattered ſpoils of death, they ſmil'd to ſee,
Thoſe priſons torn, from which themſelves were
free.

'Tis but a ſleight miſhap to want a grave,
Unburied bones for cover heaven have.
Thirſty Oblivion cannot them deſtroy,
Who made for Bliſſe Eternity enjoy.

Now LIBERI grow warm, take in new flame,
Occaſion ſerves, immortalize thy name:
Uſe all thy wit, temper thy colours ſo,
That they may live for after-times to know.

The Picture here ſhall with the Painter ſtrive,
Which of the two ſhall make the other live:
Thou in the work eterniz'd canſt not die,
And thou ſhalt give thy work eternity.

That

That blood which from the Chriſtians ſides did
Shal make thy work as noble as its Theam. (ſtrea̅,
Thou doſt exceed all that the Antients did,
And in thy glory ſhalt their glory hide.

That very linnen's happy, which muſt be
The field, on which thou draweſt this Hiſtory.
If betwixt thee and others, there's ſuch ods,
That ſhaming men, thou doſt approach the gods.

I who perſwade thee to this enterpriſe,
With thy abundance, feel my Genius riſe.
To ſing thy vertues I ambitious grow,
Which this affront to eating Time will do.

Joyn nights to daies, take no repoſe, but ſtrive
In ſpight of Deſtiny two lives to live:
Let both them long, and both them glorious be.
One life's too little for thy work and thee.

This

This armed cloth, this martiall picture vvill
With envy war, and be victorious ſtill.
And againſt hatred in thy company,
My Muſe perchance ſhall fill her ſails, and flie.

Our hands are us'd ſuch vvorks as theſe to do,
I can in numbers draw, in colours you.
But let our flights be modeſt as they vvill,
We meet with cenſure and accuſers ſtill.

But a good conſcience is a calm, and knowes
No ſtorms, nor vexes at the wind that blowes.
Let envious tongues my name with ſlander tear,
I am at peace within, and do not hear.

But let my pen unto thy pencil bow,
To thy bright colours inke is dark and low.
This is a bare Idea I have took,
Do thou it cloathe, and make it handſom look.

Then

Then draw thy ſelf in heat of Battail, wrought,
With the ſame air and looks, as they that fought,
That thy own Figure done by thy own hand,
May over-Death it ſelf triumphing ſtand.

FINIS.